But ſhe that neuer cop't with ſtraunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
VVrit in the glaſſie margents of ſuch bookes,
She toucht no vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could ſhee moralize his wanton ſight,
More then his eies were opend to the light.

He ſtories to her eares her husbands fame,
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praiſes Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiualrie,
VVith bruiſed armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her ioie with heaued-vp hand ſhe doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greetes heauen for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there,
No clowdie ſhow of ſtormie bluſtring wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till ſable Night mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darkneſſe doth diſplaie,
And in her vaultie priſon, ſtowes the daie.

For